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WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1936

WHOLE NUMBER 1367

LOCAL NEWS

W. O. Blair and Roy Elam are in Ashland looking after business.

Mrs. Emma Lykins of this place was in town on business Saturday.

The man who owes everybody is generally the most promising man in town.

Marion Dale Fugate was the Monday night guest of Robert Cottle of Riverbend.

Bennie Lykins was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fugate on Sunday evening.

The telephone exchange is nicely located in its new quarters, and business is going on as usual.

A surprise shower was given the O. B. Arnett family last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Blaine Nickell.

Miss Elizabeth Culbertson of the Resettlement office has been transferred to Morehead and started work there Monday.

Mrs. Julia Short of Foster, Ill., is spending the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Boon Lewis, near Index.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Byars left yesterday for Tennessee to spend their Christmas vacation with their parents and other relatives.

Mrs. Edward Bach and daughter Joyce will spend Christmas with Mrs. Bach's parents, Dr. and Mrs. James H. Dunn, of Lee City.

A number of the neighbors met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wells on Tuesday evening for a candy making and social hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Litteral of Cincinnati, Ohio, are visiting Mr. Litteral's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mae Litteral, over Christmas.

L. B. Wells Jr. of Elliott county, who was taken sick at the home of his sister, Mrs. Amos Day, on Glen avenue, is able to be out.

Misses Lena and Maureen McClure spent the week with Miss Ethel Mae Keeton while Mrs. D. R. Keeton was visiting in Ashland with her husband.

Misses Lena and Maureen McClure are now staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Haney, where they expect to spend the rest of the school year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ratliff have gone out to their farm at Malone to spend a few months. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Arnett will occupy their residence on Main st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Prater of Nickell have rented their farm for the season of 1937 and have moved to West Middletown, Ohio, to a place owned by their son-in-law, Lacy Keith.

The College Forum gave a "Ladies' Gladstone" donation to Misses Lena and Maureen McClure at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Murray on Monday evening. Tea was served and a pleasant hour was spent by all.

Miss Lilla Perry returned a few days ago from a month's vacation. She enjoyed very much a week of pleasure in Millersburg as the guest of Mrs. Sanford Carpenter; then she enjoyed a lovely three weeks with cousins in Mt. Sterling.

William Allen Blair, Miss Carolyn Blair, and Asa Gullett Jr., students of Berea, are home for their vacation. Georgia Mae and Robert Caskey and Pauline and Woodrow Stamper, all of the Morehead teachers' college, also are home for Christmas.

Last Monday evening, Dec. 14, many friends of Misses Lena and Maureen McClure gathered in the home of Miss Ethel Mae Keeton for a surprise shower for the McClure girls. Many useful and beautiful gifts were brought and graciously received.

Mrs. Joe Fugate and little daughter Janis, of Ohio, came in Saturday. Of course she first called on her son Ansel and his wife and their baby, Mrs. Fugate's first grandchild; then she spent the night with her sister, Mrs. Jesse Adams. On Sunday she went to Greaser to visit her father, James Elam, who is an invalid.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Selection and presentation of suitable gifts for our friends is a general and a really worth while Christmas activity. We are happy when we are convinced that we have actually selected just the particular article or performed the particular act or service which will give pleasure to or benefit the one for whom it is intended.

Giving gifts to our friends is a very nice custom. But it usually receives greater stress than is fair to the true spirit of Christmas.

There is a Christmas spirit. That spirit comprises self-effacement, brotherly love, kindness, forgiveness, patience, and thankfulness.

To discover this spirit and employ it—display it and use it in our daily contacts with those whom we meet and deal with in our usual avocation—is the gift supreme; the gift acceptable by our fellows and more particularly acceptable to Jesus Christ of Nazareth in Whose honor we celebrate.

BOB JONES' COMMENTS

We speak of giving our hearts to God, but as a matter of fact, that is not what we do. The natural heart, according to the Bible, is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. The meaning of the statement "desperately wicked" is "incapacitated." When a sinner comes to God he does not come to give God his heart. God does not want a heart that is deceitful above all things and incurably sick. Such a heart is not fit to offer to God. A sinner comes to God to get from God a new heart. When God in the Bible asks men for their hearts He is asking His children for their hearts. A man wants the heart of his wife and a woman wants the heart of her husband. Parents want the hearts of their children. So God wants us who are saved to give Him our hearts. He wants to give sinners hearts that are decent enough to give back to God.

The mental processes of unregenerated man are very strange. Men still have a faint hope that somehow or other they can dress up their unregenerated natures and make themselves presentable to God. That is what the devil told Adam and Eve to do. They were supposed to live their own lives independent of God. Man started out in the garden of Eden to become like God by the power of his own strength and will. Man with the taint of the fall still in his heart is struggling to make himself decent. "When I get on my feet I will become a Christian," that is what a man said to the writer one day. "God doesn't save a sinner when the sinner is on his feet. He saves the sinner when the sinner is on his face," was my reply. "In my hand no price I bring." I have no price to bring. Salvation must be by grace. Who is able to buy it? There was only one Person in the universe Who had the price to pay. His name is Jesus. He is the Son of God. He went to a cross and purchased with His own precious blood the souls of men. All the sinner can do is to take by faith the pardon which Jesus Christ our Lord bought with His blood.

Clyde Caskey of an Indiana CCC camp is home for Christmas.

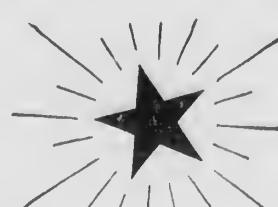
Asa Nickell Jr., who had been in West Virginia, has returned home for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Gillian Henry of Index has an unusually beautiful Christmas cactus. It has ninety buds and thirty of them are open for Christmas. Can you beat it?

Mr. and Mrs. Chess Dyer moved from the farm Monday to be with Mrs. Dyer's brother, R. M. Oakley, who wishes to remain in his own home, where he can walk out on the streets and mingle with his old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Short and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Saterfield and daughter, and Miss Roxie Wilson, of Bath county, spent the week end here with Mrs. Short's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Adams, on Water street.

Mrs. W. A. Prichard of Elliott county, Mr. and Mrs. Flavis Wells of Wrigley, and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Blair and children, of West Liberty, left the Prichard home Monday for Florida, where they expect to visit Mrs. Prichard's two brothers, Boyd's great-uncle and aunt, and perhaps other relatives.



YOUR NEWSPAPER BRINGS A MESSAGE

Twenty centuries ago a guiding star... a star of hope promising much to expectant mankind... led three Wise Men to a lowly stable in the little town of Bethlehem.

Twenty centuries, and today, as a world pauses, humble and shot with a glowing spirit of happiness, your newspaper comes to you asking that it may continue in its chosen course... tireless and unfailing service to you and your community.

It is our wish that this newspaper, dedicated to the provision of news, leadership, education, and the sponsorship of moral and civic idealism, be permitted to carry into your homes, not for this one time only, but for an entire lifetime, this same spirit of unselfish service to all.

We consider Christmas an institution successfully serving an inner need, an institution based on old, well founded precepts, as well adapted to the needs of today as it was twenty centuries ago, an institution capable of fulfilling an age-old requirement... that of joy to mankind.

It is our hope that from this day you will gain the full measure of joy. Merry Christmas!

THE PUBLISHERS

DOUBLE WEDDING

Walter M. Wells was married to Miss Ollie May Conway and Coy Lee Shaver was married to Miss Emma M. Grace in a double wedding ceremony at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Roscoe Brong yesterday afternoon.

Walter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wells of West Liberty, and his bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Conway of Sudith, who has been employed for some time at the Cole hotel.

Coy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaver of Pamp, and his bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Grace of Rising Sun, Indiana.

Walter and Coy spent some time together in the same CCC camp in Indiana. Each decided independently to be married on Wednesday afternoon, then they got together and agreed to make it a double affair.

Guests at the wedding were Mrs. C. S. Wells, Mrs. Roscoe Brong, Elizabeth and Lorene Wells, Carrie Adams, Julia and Dorothy Shaver, Frank Shaver, and Delbert Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wells planned to leave last night to spend the holidays with the bride's parents at Sudith. Mr. and Mrs. Coy Shaver are with his parents at Pamp for a few days.

These young people are all well known and liked in their respective communities, and the Courier joins their many friends in wishing them happiness and success.

Mrs. J. D. Lykins and daughter Anna Ruth went to Wheeling, W. Va., Tuesday, to spend Christmas with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Claude F. Shouse, and little daughter.

Norway, Sweden Difficulty In the latter part of the Nineteenth century serious difficulty arose between Norway and Sweden, owing to the desire of the former for a consular service of her own. In 1905 the two nations separated.

GOLD THAT TARNISHES NOT

Good tastes are wealth. One who likes poetry, music, and the fine things in literature and art is rich. Nor need he, like his ancestors, be deprived of following his tastes because of poverty. The world's richest art forms are to be had these days without money and without price.

Good habits are wealth. One true friend in time of need is worth a score of paid retainers or a city full of calculating sycophants. Nor does it require special genius to build this kind of wealth.

A good many people these past few years have scraped the bottom of material comfort and convenience, only to discover that with good friends and fine tastes they were rich beyond avarice. May that lesson stay learned as the tide of things returns.

—Ulster County News (Kingston, N. Y.)

Christmas Treats

The Methodist church had a short Christmas program Sunday morning, also gifts were received by most of the children. A lovely treat of oranges and candy was given to all from the Sunday school. The church and the tree were beautifully decorated.

The Christian church had its regular service and gave out a nice treat to all. The Christian Endeavor had an interesting program on Christmas.

The pastor of the Baptist church preached to the children Sunday morning on God's "unspeakable gift." A treat consisting of apples, oranges, and candy was presented by the church after the services.

Commissioner's Sales

The master commissioner of the Morgan circuit court will sell to the best bidders on Monday, Dec. 28, several really valuable and desirable farms. Read the announcements in another column and then count your change. Maybe one of these is the home you have been waiting for.

LEGISLATURE IN SESSION

By call of Governor Chandler, the state legislature convened at noon yesterday in special session.

The direct purpose of the session will be the enactment before Jan. 1, 1937, of a state unemployment insurance act, to allow the state to participate in the benefit of a federal act enacted some time ago for this purpose.

Included in the call also is consideration of the repeal of the tax on ice cream and candy.

Young People's Party

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Brong entertained with a candy party Saturday night the following guests: Misses Elizabeth Wells, Carrie and Eunice Adams, Sylvia Egleston, Georgia Mae Caskey, Virginia Nickell, Helen Jean Cox, Dixie Churchill, Lucile Nickell, Messrs. Hendrix May, Edmond Davis, and Kenneth Wells; Mrs. C. S. Wells, and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Byars. Plenty of candy was made and served, and the treat for the Sunday school pupils the following day was prepared.

Masons to Elect Officers

Because St. John's day (Dec. 27) falls on Sunday this year, the annual meeting for the election of officers of Highland lodge no. 311, F. & A. M., will be held at 10 o'clock a.m. Saturday, Dec. 26. Another regular meeting will be held on the same day at 7 p.m., when it is expected that the newly elected officers will be installed and other business taken care of.

Correction

An item in last week's Courier stated that Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Nickell were in Cincinnati on Monday and Tuesday of that week. This was an error. Mr. Williams was not in the party that went to Cincinnati, but was busy at his work here in the county as investigator for the state welfare department in connection with claims for old age assistance.

WILL ASK FOR WATER PROJECT

At the instance of members of the town board, a public meeting was called and held at the courthouse on Friday night of last week to get the wishes of the people in regard to arrangements for the town's water supply.

It has long been realized that the supply is far below the need of the town.

The Southern Utilities Co. is using the public well at the courthouse to secure water for the use and are supplying it in limited quantities to private parties in the town. The company has also used the town board for a long time to secure to continue the limited supply of water, but will not consider guaranteeing to supply the town's requirements.

The town board has several times been asked to ask the federal water project for all these requests have been refused.

At last, on Monday, Dec. 14, Friday evening, the town board has had a public meeting to get the wishes of the town in regard to the water project. The town board has decided to apply to the federal water project for a loan to build a water supply system for the town. The town board has also decided to ask the federal water project for a loan to build a water supply system for the town.

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION

There is a growing need just now in Kentucky for rural electrification, and the state legislature could do no more important work than to take the necessary steps to provide for the construction of the federal project to secure this service. The people of Kentucky not only need it, but they are entitled to it. The government and the legislature have a duty to see that they cut out for the people of Kentucky the best of the federal project, and to see that they get the best of the federal project.

At the present time, the state is in a position to build a water supply system for the town. The state legislature could do no more important work than to take the necessary steps to provide for the construction of the federal project to secure this service. The people of Kentucky not only need it, but they are entitled to it. The government and the legislature have a duty to see that they cut out for the people of Kentucky the best of the federal project, and to see that they get the best of the federal project.

The electrical industry cannot be forced to perform honestly and adequately in rural Kentucky unless Frankfort takes the action necessary to cooperate with Washington.—The Courier-Journal.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Prayer meeting and song service at 7 o'clock every Thursday night. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a.m. Church services immediately after Sunday school and also at 7 p.m. every Sunday.

Lord's Supper the first Sunday night in each month.

Everybody is invited to attend these services. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together."

ROSCOE BRONG, Pastor

For Sale

200 Acre Farm with 75 acres of bottom land, 7-room house, and good barn.

Also a 13 acre tract of bottom land adjoining first tract. All located on Garrett highway about 2 miles east of West Liberty. Priced right.

See J. Blaine Nickell, West Liberty.

GUNLOCK RANCH

by
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright Frank H. Spearman
WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"What's the matter?" stormed Denison, wild with the delay.

"I set a trap," muttered Pardaloe. "Forgot something. The right track."

Pardaloe scoured back to the fall once while his companions counted time. He rejoined them after three minutes that seemed to Denison thirty. "For God's sake! Are you ready now?" Denison clapped off the words furiously.

"All set, Bill," returned Pardaloe peacefully. "You hustled me so, I got the wrong hat, boy."

Denison was washed with impatience. "Man alive, what difference does it make what hat you wear?" he demanded testily.

"A whole lot of difference," returned Pardaloe with wariness. "Had on my new hat. It might get plugged."

Three men rode with Denison that night—Pardaloe, Bob Scott, and Frying Pan. The ponies were fresh and the men eager. They stopped at Gunlock. A light was still burning in the living room of the ranch house.

When the men pulled up in the yard, Denison sprang from the saddle, ran to the door, and knocked.

"Who's there?" were the low words from within.

"Is that you, Jane? It's Bill," she cried. "What are you doing here?"

"I think I'm needed here. How's Henry today?"

"Oh, he's badly wounded, Bill. How did you know?"

"Bob Scott and John Frying Pan have strict orders to bring me ranch news of the kind that came today."

"Don't go in to get Dr. Carpy," called one quickly. "What happened this afternoon?" he urged.

"McCrosen rode out to get some things, so he said. He was sitting here sewing, Bill, when I walked McCrosen. He said he was going away for good. I said I wished him luck."

Jane hesitated a moment. "He asked me to kiss him good-by. I said no. He got angry and swore he'd take as many as he wanted. I tried to run to the front door. He caught me, and I was fighting him in his arms when Henry Sawdy walked in the kitchen door."

"Henry told him to let go of me. That man acted like a tiger."

"He turned on Sawdy. 'Get out of here, Sawdy,' he shouted. I begged Sawdy to protect me. He drew his gun."

"Let go that girl!" Sawdy said.

"McCrosen turned on Henry, his gun in his hand."

"Henry didn't dare fire for fear of hitting me. McCrosen fired point-blank at Henry, and he fell in a heap. I screamed, tore myself loose, and ran out the front door and hid behind a tree. McCrosen walked out as cool as could be, put up his gun, mounted and rode away. Bill, I'm glad you're here! I don't feel safe a minute!"

He comforted her as best he could. "I must see how bad Henry is hurt, then I'll off with Pardaloe and Bob Scott after McCrosen. He's running off shoes tonight."

With Jane, he went to the bed on which Sawdy had been laid. Sawdy looked pleasantly surprised as Jane held up the lamp and he saw Denison. "Well, Bill," he said coolly, "the old foreman is shootin' us up today."

"Henry, where are you hit?"

"In the side, Bill, but it ain't over-serious. You see, McCrosen—"

"Jane told me, Henry. Don't waste any strength talking."

"When I seen his name to hold Jane for a shield, I made up my mind to drop at his first shot."

"You did a good job. Now keep quiet."

He told Sawdy of the word he had from the Indians that a bunch of two- and three-year-olds were to be run off that night; that George Plenty Bear was watching in the hills, and that he, Denison, and Pardaloe hoped to pick up the trail without much delay.

Over the rim of the hills a full moon was rising into a cloudless sky. Jane, with tightened lips, her heart pounding in her throat, her straining eyes tearless, stood in the open doorway watching the ghostly figures of the four horsemen silhouetted against the sky, as they made their way up the ridge that led to the hill divide.

From the moment Denison and his companions crossed the divide, they were riding into enemy country.

Frying Pan was asked to strike farther down and across the reservation; the rendezvous had been fixed at a point on Deep Creek.

While the hills behind them, Denison, Scott, and Pardaloe made their way down the creek breaks to the benches. They were aware of a rough cattle trail along the east bank of the creek, but the night, as they halted on the creek bench, was silent. Denison

conjectured wrongly that the cattle had been driven past this point.

Working carefully downstream through clumps of willows and alders along the benches, Scott pushed ahead to locate the phantom Frying Pan. The lone Indian after a time came down from the hills. He was taciturn. "No-body go by," was all he said.

Denison questioned him closely without shaking his certainty that neither cattle nor horsemen had passed down the east bank. The west bank, where the pursuers were now halted, was impossible for cattle.

"They've taken another trail," Bob declared. Denison to Scott. "There's an overgrown trail through the timber to the south. It's a long way around and rough, and they took it to throw off pursuit. But that may beat them yet."

"How so?"

"They've got to double back, lower downstream to strike Deep Creek again with the cattle. We'll play it so, anyway. It's into the brush for us. We can't cross the horses here. If I'm wrong, and they're above us yet, it's safer to stick to this side, anyway."

"Where can they strike the creek?"

"About a mile above the old bridge."

"How we goin' to get to them?"

"We've got to cross that bridge."

Scott smiled a sickly smile. "That bridge's been fallin' to pieces for 10 years."

"What?" said Denison to Frying Pan, "feel out the scrub for us. Let's go."

The riding was rough and the pace through the chaparral grueling. The four men reached a point where the creek bottom opened from a canyon out on low, rough country, and the rising moon shed more light.

"We're a mile yet above the bridge," said Denison. "You and John ride up the canyon wall a ways, Bob, and take another look," he suggested.

The Indians came back with news. "There's somethin' looks like what's left of a captive near the bridge."

"Push on!" exclaimed Denison. "They may have halted there."

The riding grew worse. Thickets became almost impassable. There never



Their Hands Went Haltingly Up.

had been a trail down the west bank, and the job called for dogged endurance.

Scratched and torn, the four reached an open breathing space where rock and shale coated the light through the scrub. The moon, clearing the mountain peaks, revealed, at a distance below, the abandoned bridge. Not far from it, Denison could discern embers of the captive Frying Pan had reported.

"Where there's been a fire, there's been men," said Denison. "They may be there yet. But we've got to watch both sides of the creek. Suppose you, Bob, and Frying Pan get over to the east bank—"

"How?"

"The bridge."

Scott grinned but shook his head. "There's ten feet of plankin' gone in one place from the door of the old bridge. Nobody can cross that. We could maybe crawl across in the daytime—not now."

"We've got to get across somehow," insisted Denison. "Bob, is there any place up or down the creek where you and John can get over?"

"Not with horses."

"Well, we must stop the cattle and whoever's with 'em. I'll get over, somehow, after you. Where's the plunking of the bridge?"

"The east end."

"That's bad. No matter—dust along. Two shots from you will bring me over. Anyway, you stop anybody that comes along with the beef. We'll leave the horses here with Pardaloe, and while you're getting over I'll try to find out who these fellows are below at the fire. Bill," he turned to Pardaloe—"If I need you, I'll whistle."

"O. K.," assented the lanky Pardaloe.

Slipping off his horse and taking his rifle, Denison crept, crawled, and rolled down the slope towards the dying fire. For a little while he could be seen and heard. Then he vanished into the shadows.

Denison, though anxious to get at what lay ahead of him, was forced to work down the slope slowly. With a long whisper of the dying fire, he thought he heard voices. Since the men were still there, renewed caution was called for. Creeping over a sandy bit of bottomland, dragging his rifle after him, he could hear the voices quite plainly.

He made out two voices, but this gave no assurance that one or more men might not be asleep.

Flitting on the sand, he listened. The fire and the men were not over fifty feet away. Denison could hear their words. They were talking English, though one voice was guttural and revealed a Mexican. As they were obviously waiting for someone who had failed to appear, cold, and too lazy to keep up their fire, Denison made no bones about intruding on the pair and whatever might be with them.

The first two men heard from him was a low but plain command:

"Pitch up, boys!"

The startled pair jumped to their feet. "Up! But 'em up," came a sharp order. Their hands went haltingly up. They looked around to see where the voice came from, and while they looked they heard a short whistle and saw a shadow from the chaparral not twenty feet away.

"Who the hell are you?" demanded the smaller man of the pair, with a bluster. His voice betrayed him to Denison.

"I'm here, same as you are, to meet some cattle coming down the creek," returned Denison. "I'm going to help you, Clubfoot. Hands up. I mean you, keep 'em where they are." While he spoke, he heard Pardaloe clattering through the thicket. "Bill," he added, as Pardaloe appeared, "bring down the horses, will you?"

"These boys are waiting for the cattle, same as we are," explained Denison when Pardaloe reappeared. "We don't need four hands on the job. Take their guns. The 'em up till we get straight."

Pardaloe, tying the mounts, stamped forward, gun in hand. He searched the pair, while Clubfoot protested profanely at the outrage.

"I'm here to take over cattle that belong to me—bought and paid for," stormed the butcher.

Before Pardaloe had finished roping the butcher and his helper, a shot was heard from far across the creek. Denison started almost as if the bullet had struck him.

While he listened with every nerve on edge, a complete silence followed. It was not a shot. Was it a signal?

Almost five minutes passed when a second shot rang into the night. Denison tried to read the riddle. The first shot had come from a revolver; the second, sharper and less open, had come from a rifle. It all dawned on Denison—they were signal shots.

He whistled toward Pardaloe. "Hand me Clubfoot's gun, Bill," he said. Seizing the gun, he fired it twice in the air.

"Some guesswork here, Clubfoot," he remarked, emptying and tossing the gun on the ground. "I don't know whether your answer was to be one or two."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a spatter of revolver shots rang across the creek.

"Bill," exclaimed Denison, "that's a fight. If those birds make you the least trouble, shoot 'em. I'm going over."

"How you goin' over?" called Pardaloe.

"Quickest way I can. Bill," he shouted. "The bridge."

He was running for his horse. "You're crazy. I'll drop you a hundred feet, man!" shouted Pardaloe. "Waiter your prisoners!"

Denison was galloping away.

Pardaloe, ported, watched the disappearing horseman. Nothing but the sharp echo on his ears of flying hoofs convinced him he was not dreaming, for he never would have believed sober Bill Denison would take so slender a chance of getting across the creek alive. The clatter of hoofs grew fainter. At times they ceased, and the hysteric whistling breath choked him. Then, as if in answer to his straining ears, came the hollow sound of hoof beats on wood. Denison had reached the bridge.

An instant later there came into Pardaloe's sight, in the distant moonlight, the ghostlike figure of a horse being across the rotten bridge. Pardaloe dived at once that the pony had thrown his rider. Then, of a sudden, the riderless beast whirled with a spring and, as if somehow guided, shot ahead again—he was a third of the way over.

Pardaloe's jaws came together squarely and comfortably, for he now understood. Denison was on that horse, clinging to its back like a panther.

But there was still the east-end plank gap to cross. Scott had said the big one was ten feet, but he had not seen it for a year. It might easily be twelve or fifteen feet; suppose it were twenty?

With Denison more than halfway across, the clatter of hoofs grew fainter. One, two, three ride shots rang out in fairly quick succession.

The rider was out of sight. Pardaloe ran to higher ground. Try as he would, he could not see a thing on the bridge. But now and again he could hear the faint hoofbeats. They ceased. Then there was a silence; then a faint, distant shout.

To this day the gap that Denison jumped has never been measured. The reckless rider had been spotted when he was less than halfway across. McCrosen, riding behind the cattle, had caught forward when Rebstock ahead was intercepted and questioned by Scott. The half-breed's gun signals had been taken by Rebstock as an attack, and he had fired back. Before either side really knew what it was all about, they were exchanging shots. But the instant McCrosen saw the horse dashing along the rotten bridge, his sixth sense of danger guessed the rider for an enemy, and without a moment's hesitation he trained a rifle on him and fired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



CAUSE FOR JOY

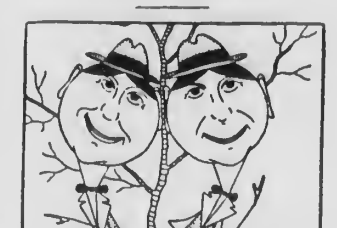
Parker looked at his doctor.

"Yes," he said, "the strain of life to me in my business is very great." He paused, then: "But I have a good remedy, you know, and that is cycling."

"I can quite believe you," said his doctor. "First-rate exercise, cycling. Takes you out of yourself. Fills your lungs with fresh air; brushes away the cobwebs of care, eh?"

"Well, no, it's not that. The fact is, that when I go out I'm so thankful to get back alive that I feel in high spirits for the rest of the day."—Stray Stories Magazine.

NOBODY HOME



"Did you ever notice how a man smiles when he's bought an automobile?"

"Sure. So does a man on his wedding day smile. But the trouble is neither are thinking of the upkeep."

Prudence

"Have you studied the question thoroughly?"

"What question?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"The one on which you are about to make a speech."

"No. I carefully avoided studious consideration of the matter. In case my remarks do not prove agreeable to my constituents, I want them to sound as if I spoke impulsively."

Varying Effects

"The same thing will make entirely different impressions on different readers," remarked the man who writes.

"Quite so," replied the lawyer. "Letters which bring tears to a girl's eyes frequently make a jury laugh."

He's No Liar

"Look here, Snidders," said Walley, "this dog you sold me is no fighter. He's a regular mush of a mollycoddle. You told me he'd lick anything on sight."

"So he will," said Snidders. "He's vurry, vurry affectionate."

Taking It Down

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the political speaker, starting his peroration.

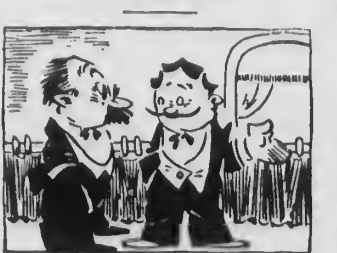
"Certainly not," said a bored voice from the back of the hall. "The shorthand reporters are doing it at."—London Answers Magazine.

A Mere Shadow

Brown—"You've grown pretty thin, Jones."

Jones—"Yeh. In fact it's gotten so that when I have a pain in my middle I can't tell whether it's a stomachache or a backache."

ON AND OFF



"Just been reading about variable stars; some nights they're brilliant, other nights so weak they're not worth looking at."

"How can you expect actors to be good all the time?"

Usual Speed

Lawyer—"You say you want this automobile accident damage suit pressed through with the utmost speed?"

Victim—"Exactly. I have a child six weeks old, and I want the money to pay his college education."

Social Security

"Did you hear about the girl who went to a fancy-dress ball in a suit o' armor?"

"No. What happened to her?"

"Nothing!"—London Opinion.

Time to Leave

Orator—"Before I close, allow me to repeat the immortal words of Webster—"

"Farmer Parsley—Lan' sakes, Mirandy, let's get out of here. He's a-goin' to start in on the dictionary."

His Job

Fussy Visitor (inspecting submarine)—And what is your job on this wonderful ship?

Bored Bluejacket—Me? Oh, I runs forward and holds her nose down when she dives.

Making a Choice—

Independence and Loneliness or
Dependence With Ties of Affection

TO MOST persons there comes sometime in their lives the opportunity for a choice between independence and loneliness or ties and affection. The wise mature person thinks long before choosing the former above the latter. There are many young people, however, who feel so sure of themselves and their ability to "get along all right" that they are irked by the least restraint. They throw it off, only to discover later in life that affection is worth the curtailment. Companionship has been their portion up to the time of their decision that dependence is what they must have, at any cost. They have no idea of what loneliness means.

Separation.

The adult who is separated from his family because of distance, domestic estrangement, or who has outlived the other members, realizes to the full what it means to be alone. It is when estrangement causes the separation that there are times when the loneliness is bearable or agreeable, but these times are interrupted by hours when the feeling of loneliness creeps over him (or her), and companionship, though with but a small degree of affection, is craved.

Human nature is so constituted that people cannot live in the same

atmosphere and always see eye to eye. There is wisdom in this plan. Individuality would be quelled if what any person thought (however beloved) could always be accepted without dissent by those around him (or her). Nor can actions of even those dear to us, invariably meet with our approval, whether expressed or unexpressed.

Individuality.

It is when we learn to permit personal differences without censure that companionship, in the home or out of it, develops best. Even when children are young, they must be allowed a modicum of such freedom or when older they will long to break away, and if they do then there is loneliness in store for the youth, and sadness left in the home.

Married couples, when they contemplate divorce, have the choice between independence plus loneliness, or dependence, each on the other with affection restored, or remaining less than could be desired. It may be there is incompatibility, but it should be remembered that no two persons, married or single, can live together under the same roof and always be congenial. However, this does not signify that at heart affection is gone. Separation means loneliness for one or both of them.

Families.

Within a family there is sure to be some dissension at times—young folk may quarrel and adults dispute. But when these times are over, the ties of affection, the associations that intertwine, and the fabric of their lives so closely woven together, should prove a firm foundation for continued companionship. The door to loneliness should remain barred.

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NEURITIS, LUMBAGO AND GOUT!
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MILNESIA WAFERS
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The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

Gales blow a heavy sea onto the north pier at Tyne, as the first ton strikes the Northumbrian



BILLY MINK'S SU

BILLY MINK opened his first he couldn't think of it. Everything about it was strange. Then all in a to him where he was, a dark corner of the big barn where the rat Billy yawned, then the first one leg, then a yawned again, stretched more, then lay quiet for a while, trying to decide take another nap or hum again.

"I may as well leave this barn while I am here," Billy thought. "One never knows knowledge may come in sides, I want to find out these rats live. How the and squeak when they me!" Billy chuckled at the rat. "It is great fun to Billy lazily got to hunched his back, which way of stretching. The out to explore the big course he didn't go far smelled a rat. That is, he smelled the scent left of a rat. Right away everything but the fun the game of hide-and-seek death was the price of b. He started out along that rat. By and by, wonder some boxes he can



"You have never heard travel in the best circ gad-about Gladys, 'com not getting any place." WNU Service.

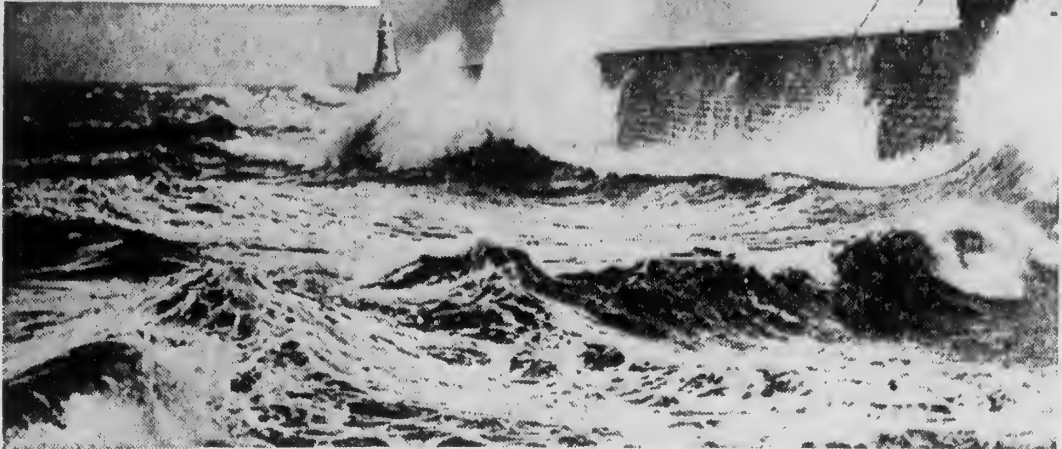
Smart for After



Maggy Rouff created ing afternoon ensemble velvet. The jacket is velvet in navy blue; the scotch plaid wool—in white and green. The lapels of the jacket are plaid material. The snaz is an ideal "top-off" ensemble.

Winter Blasts Strike the English Coast

Gales blow a heavy sea against the north pier at Tynemouth, England, at the entrance to the River Tyne as the first touch of winter strikes the Northumberland coast.



Eve's Epigrams

by Thornton W. Burgess

BILLY MINK'S SURPRISE

BILLY MINK opened his eyes. At first he couldn't think where he was. Everything about him was strange. Then all in a flash it came to him where he was. He was in a dark corner of the haymow in the big barn where the rats lived.

Billy yawned, then he stretched first one leg, then another. He yawned again, stretched some more, then lay quiet for a few minutes trying to decide whether to take another nap or hunt those rats again.

"I may as well learn all about this barn while I am here," thought Billy. "One never knows when such knowledge may come in handy. Besides, I want to find out where all these rats live. How they did squeak and squeak when they discovered me!" Billy chuckled at the memory. "It is great fun to hunt them."

Billy lazily got to his feet and arched his back, which was one way of stretching. Then he started out to explore the big barn. Of course he didn't go far before he smelled a rat. That is to say, he smelled the scent left by the feet of a rat. Right away Billy forgot everything but the fun of hunting, the game of hide-and-seek in which death was the price of being caught. He started out along the trail of that rat. By and by, way down under some boxes he came to a nest.

It was made of old rags, torn paper, and other bits of rubbish. Billy didn't knock to find out if any one was at home. No, indeed, Billy didn't knock. He just popped his head right in. He expected to find some babies at home, if no one else, because he knew that there are babies most of the time in the home of a rat.

Right then Billy got his first surprise. The nest was empty! Yes, sir, it was empty. There had been babies there, as his nose told him, but they had been carried away. Billy hunted about a bit until he found the trail leading away from the nest. This he followed. It led downstairs to a hole in the barn floor, through this to the ground, and straight to an opening which led out of doors.

"Huh!" muttered Billy. "This is queer." He ran about a bit, and it didn't take him long to discover that there were many tracks leading to that opening out of doors. He could tell by the smell that those

rats had gone out and not come back.

"It looks as if my future dinners had run away," muttered Billy, and then he began to explore that hole in earnest. There wasn't a hole or crevice or cranny in it that he didn't poke his nose into. There wasn't a rat nest there that he didn't find. But not a glimpse of a single rat did he get, nor the squeak of a single voice did he hear. There wasn't a rat in the barn! When he had gone to sleep there had been many. He had heard them squeaking all about him. Do you wonder why he was surprised?

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The Making of Opinion

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MANKIND'S opinions mould the world. Not long orations loudly hurled From some high place (though men may wonder, They seldom understand the thunder), Not lines like these, that would possess Not truth as much as cleverness— But those opinions that go creeping Through lands like mighty waters seeping.

For all our reasoning and rime Must stand one test, the test of time The thing we shout, men, too, will shout it, And then sit down and think about it. Will measure it with common sense, Compare it with experience, And, even though today they cheer us, Tomorrow may decline to hear us.

Speech is a spark that glows in air, A time our eyes attracting there, And written words are very clever (Millions are written, few forever), But when the flame has died away Men look at things, and look by day, And form opinions that are fairer Than scribbled wit or shouted error.

© Douglas Malloch—WNU Service

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis
© Public Ledger, Inc.



THE thumb is the index of its possessor's temperament: the will, the power of logic and analysis, and love. Each of these important temperamental qualities is found indicated in varying degree in the thumb of every one.

The Thumb of Well-Balanced Temperament.

The thumb which indicates such a desirable combination is of moderate length, and is extremely well proportioned to the balance of the hand. Folded close to the forefinger, its tip should fall even with or just below the second joint of the forefinger. The nail joint and second joint of such a thumb give one an immediate impression of being correctly balanced by reason of their equal or nearly equal lengths. When bent backward and forward the thumb has a resilient, semi-resistant feel. With the entire hand extended wide, it should extend away from the palm at a moderate angle.

This type of thumb is decidedly well formed, the nail joint slightly tapered, the middle joint smooth and free from a knuckled appearance, the third or palm joint well rounded but not overinflated. From a thumb of this kind you may make safe deduction that its owner is sure to be a man or woman of even temperament, with firm but not stubborn will, logical in working out problems, loyally affectionate and sensibly generous.

WNU Service.

just as was foretold. People even die in this way, just because some one has cursed them with death, or has put "death medicine" on them, or something of the sort. The basis of the operation of "black magic" is in the absolute belief of the natives. They never doubt it, and it works. When a man is cursed to die within a year, he gives up all hope of life, plans on dying, and the result is that he gets sick and actually dies. It is an example of primitive psychology based on absolute faith.

©—WNU Service.

Showing Three New Styles



YOU who sew-your-own will be more enthusiastic than ever after making realities of these three new styles. Each is truly a delightful fashion and best of all there's something for every size in the family—from the "little bear" right on up.

Pattern 1997 is the smartly styled smock that probably has an option on a little portion of your heart, right now. Fair enough, follow the dictates of your heart and you can't go wrong. This little wardrobe nicely will serve you becomingly and well. It will add to your comfort too. Make it of broadcloth, gingham, saten or chintz for prettiness and easy maintenance. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and the shiny gold buttons offer just the sort of spicy contrast one likes in informal apparel. Available for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3 1/2 yards of 30 inch material.

Pattern 1204—This new day frock for sizes 36 to 52 is the final word in style and charm in any woman's language. To don this flattering fashion is to step blithely into the realm of high fashion. The soft feminine collar is most becoming and it serves as an excellent medium for contrast. The sleeve length is optional. Slender lines are the main feature of the skirt and a very pleasant effect results from the wide and handsome flare. Satin or sheer wool would most assuredly win your friends' approval and represent a little of their envy. This pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 30 inch material. Less with short sleeves. The collar in contrast requires 1/2 yard.

The adorable little number for Miss Two-To-Eight, Pattern 1994, is surely without competition in the way of downright intrigue. It's the essence of youthfulness with a lot of grown-up technique added to make it a crackjack. Why not do things up right and cut this model twice—panties too, naturally—using sheer wool for the "best" occasion from and gingham or seersucker for school, play and

all-purpose use? Pattern 1994 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard of bias binding for trimming.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

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Purity

—that exceeds the rigid requirements of the United States Pharmacopoeia. At all druggists. WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10c

St. Joseph GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

BUNDLE CARRIER

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



FOODS THAT BUILD THE BODY

WE MAY liken the growing of the body of a boy or girl to the building of a house. First we must have a good foundation, which comes from healthy ancestry, then comes the choosing of the materials to build the bony structure and the muscular system which must develop at the same time.

During the early years the bones need lime and other minerals to stiffen them and to make them strong to carry on the work of the body. In the teen age the diet must furnish adequate amounts of building types of foods.

A diet which supplies daily one pint to a quart of milk taken in various ways, two eggs, one-fourth head of lettuce or its equivalent in cabbage, from one-half to one pint of orange juice daily, with the juice of a lemon. Using the juice of the lemon to add to the drinking water without sugar gives the water life and adds the required vitamins needed. This gives a diet which will furnish good firm bones and teeth.

For fuel foods which are the carbohydrates (sugars and starches) we need not be exercised about them, as the youth usually eats enough sweets, which he needs to supply energy, and starches are eaten in fairly good amounts. The fats consumed, which are taken in oils, nuts, butter and yolk of egg, should be in proportion of one to four in carbohydrates. In athletics candy gives a quick energy food. For chil-

ren, if given after a meal or long enough before it not to dull the appetite for the proper food, it is now considered quite a part of the daily food. A growing boy needs twice as much food as his father. Overweight is better than underweight, since it gives a reserve to draw upon in time of illness or strain.

© Western Newspaper Union.

KNOW THYSELF

by Dr. George D. Greer



DOES "BLACK MAGIC" REALLY WORK? IF SO, HOW?

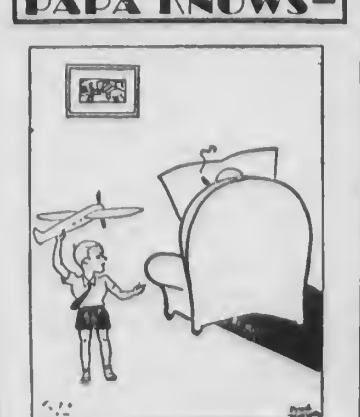
ONCE made a several months' study of "Black Magic" among the natives of West Africa and found that it actually works. One person will put a curse on another person, and the victim's life becomes cursed

San Francisco Bridge at Night



An extraordinary night picture of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge at night, looking toward San Francisco from Yerba Buena island, the middle link in the great bridge. To the right are seen some of the fireworks that illumined the sky as officials touched them off from the site of the 1939 Golden Gate International exposition.

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a gallery?" "Raspberry patch."

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service

"You have never heard those who travel in the best circles," says gada-bout Gladys, "complain about not getting any place."

WNU Service.

Smart for Afternoon



Maggy Rouff created this charming afternoon ensemble of wool and velvet. The jacket is of corduroy velvet in navy blue; the dress is of scotch plaid wool—in navy blue, white and green. The collar and lapels of the jacket are done in the plaid material. The snappy felt hat is an ideal "top-off" to the trim ensemble.

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Late obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, etc., 5¢ a line.

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FARMERS' COLUMN

THE FARM AND HOME

Good is a word that is used a great deal in the home. It is a word that is used to describe a person, a thing, or a place. It is a word that is used to describe a person who is kind, honest, and true. It is a word that is used to describe a thing that is useful, beautiful, or interesting. It is a word that is used to describe a place that is peaceful, quiet, and comfortable.

To make a good home, you must have a good foundation. This foundation is made of love, understanding, and respect. It is the foundation upon which you build your home. Without this foundation, your home will be like a house of cards. It will be unstable and will fall apart.

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and vegetable growers and also for dairy and livestock farmers who improve non-crop pastures.

Up to 25 percent of the burley tobacco base may be diverted to soil-conserving crops, the payment to be 5 cents a pound on the estimated yield of the diverted land. Thirty percent of the base in fire-cured and dark air-cured tobacco may be diverted, the payments being 3 1/2 cents a pound. The cotton diversion may be 35 percent of the base, with 5 cents a pound payment.

For food and feed crops grown in excess of home needs, farmers may divert as high as 15 percent of the general soil-depleting base and receive an average of \$9 an acre, depending on the productivity of the land.

Soil-depleting bases for all crops will be the same as in 1936.

Dean Thomas P. Cooper of the college of agriculture said that active work on the 1937 program will begin as soon as full details are available, probably early in January.



Dear Santa

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 8, 1936

I am a little girl only 13 years old. I go to school. I am in the fifth grade. I have a nice teacher. Her name is Daisy Shaver. I want a doll, a ring, a pencil box, some good story books, which I love to read, a box of peanuts, some candies and fruits for Christmas. I won't ask you for anything else. There are so many little boys and girls. I have a little brother only two years old. He wishes for toys, candies, and fruits. Please don't forget other little boys and girls. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your little friend, CHRISTINE ADKINS

Lenox School, Dec. 11, 1936

Dear St. Nick:
We are two little sisters, ages 6 and 2. Please bring us a baby doll, a bobby, a bird whistle, and a jack-in-the-box. We are not going to have a big fire on Christmas night, so you'll have no trouble getting down the chimney. Please don't forget Poppy Dennie and Mama Josie. Bring them a big stick of candy. We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Lovingly yours, JOYCE AND JANE CASKEY

West Liberty, Ky., Dec. 16, 1936

Dear Santa:
I wish you would bring me a pencil box and a Shirley Temple doll and a picture book and plenty of fruit and candy and nuts. Your friend, IMOGENE NICKELL

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 13, 1936

Dear Santa:
As Christmas is drawing nigh, will write and tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a wrist watch, a pocketbook, a box of handkerchiefs, a set of jackstones, and a ball. That'll be enough, dear Santa, as there are so many little boys and girls for you to make happy. Don't forget my school teacher. Her name is Daisy Shaver. Bring her a tube of lipstick. Don't forget daddy, mama, and all other little boys and girls. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your sincere friend, EVELYN ADKINS

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 7, 1936

Dear Santa:
As Christmas is drawing nigh, will write and tell you what I want for Christmas. I am a little girl eight years old. I have auburn hair and black eyes. Please, Santa, bring me a Shirley Temple doll that can walk and talk, a toy tea set, a box of hankies, and plenty of apples, oranges, candy, and nuts. Don't forget daddy, mama, and all other little boys and girls. Please bring them something nice too. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your little friend, LENA MAE ADKINS

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 9, 1936

Dear old Santa:
I am a girl 14 years old and go to school. I am in the fifth grade. I have a fine teacher. Her name is Daisy Shaver. I will tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a wrist watch and a ring, a pencil box, candies, fruit, and nuts. I have three little brothers and one little sister. Don't forget them and all other little boys and girls. Wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Your little friend, LILLIAN ADKINS

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Mr. Santa:
How are you by this Christmas? Fine, I hope. We have been real good boys, so we are expecting something nice. Please bring us a ball, a kite, a bag of marbles, also nuts and candy. Please try to visit all little boys and girls. Your little friends, ROBERT TRIMBLE, CORTIS ADKINS, ERNEST ELLIOTT, AND WILLARD ADKINS.

Lenox School, Dec. 15, 1936

Dear old Santa:
We are three little brothers who have been dandy little fellows. We'll play with the same toys. Bring us a wagon, a top, a ball, and lots of candy. Please don't forget any little boys and girls. Your pals, HAROLD, DARREL, AND LOGAN HOLBROOK.

Lenox School, Dec. 21, 1936

Dear Santa Claus:
Here we are again this Christmas, asking for a few toys. Bring us a ring, a pencil box, a toy bike, and a drum, lots of candy and fruit. Hope you don't forget to put this in the paper. A merry Christmas to all your friends. OCL AND ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

Cumberland Gap, Ky., Dec. 9, 1936

Dear Mr. Santa:
As you are such a wise old fellow, I'll ask you a few questions. Why do boys smoke? Why were you given such a funny name? Why did Landon run against Roosevelt? That'll be all, unless you want to bring Spot a collar. Say, Santa, tell me this: If you had all the feathers you could pack, could you pack one more? Please bring old Tom a ball to play with. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Respectfully yours, ETHEL IVETTA JONES

Lenox School, Dec. 5, 1936

Dear Mr. Santa:
We are three little boys just about the same age. Please bring us a little train, a tractor, a jumping jack, and a car. Also lots of candies. Don't forget any little boys and girls. Merry Christmas to everybody. Your pals, KENNEL WILLIAMS, BOBBY ADKINS, & DONALD ADKINS

Lenox School, Dec. 13, 1936

Dear Santa:
As I have never written to you before, I'll tell you what I want for Christmas. Bring me a toy G-man machine gun, a 22 caliber rifle and shells, also lots of candy and fruit. Don't forget any boys and girls. Your friend, CARL CASKEY

Lenox School, Dec. 15, 1936

Dear Saint Nicholas:
We are four little boys in the primer. Bring us a coaster, a box of firecrackers, and candy and fruit. Wish everyone a merry Christmas. Our names are: CHARLES CASKEY, RAY TRIMBLE, WINFORD ELLIOTT AND STANLEY ADKINS

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 15, 1936

Dear old Santa:
I am 9 years old and in the first year of high school. I go to school every day. I go to Lenox high school. As I'm writing to you, I'll tell you what I want for Christmas. I want a wrist watch, some toy cars, and a pair of spectacles, for my eyes are bad. I'm getting so old I'd ask for candy, but I haven't any teeth. I'll hang up one of my socks, for it would take everything to fill both up. I wish you a delicious Christmas. Santa's friend, FRANCES DAY (Continued on Page 8)

Master Commissioner's Sale

MORGAN CIRCUIT COURT, KY.

Joe Cox, Willie Cox, and Barbara Ellen Cox, Plaintiffs

Vs. Notice of Sale, Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan circuit court, rendered at the November term, 1936, in the above styled cause, I will offer for sale at the front door of the courthouse in West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1936, at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts, upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to wit: A certain tract of land bounded and described as follows: lying and being on the waters of War creek, a tributary of Licking river, in Morgan county, Kentucky, and further bounded and described as follows: Beginning on a hickory tree in the line between Joe Cox and Robert Patrick, thence running with the Garrett highway a distance of approximately one hundred yards to a culvert under the state highway at the mouth of Stable branch; thence with the meanders of Stable branch to the Licking river; thence with the Licking river to the beginning corner, containing about one half acre, be the same more or less.

This judgment rendered in favor of Joe Cox, Willie Cox, and Barbara Ellen Cox, for the sum of \$40.00, with 6 percent interest from the 22nd day of October, 1934, and their cost herein expended.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond, bearing 6 percent interest from date, with approved security, for the purchase money. This 7th day of December, 1936. HARLEN MURPHY, M.C.M.C.C. J. Blaine Nickell, Attorney.

Lenox School, Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Santa Claus:
Will now write and tell you what I want for Christmas. Please bring me a toy telephone, a glass lantern, and a pencil box and some hankies. Also lots of candy, fruit, and nuts. Don't forget any boys and girls. HESTER ELLIOTT

Lenox, Ky., Dec. 15, 1936

Dear old Santa:
Here are two of us writing to you. We are 6 and 7 years old. We are both ready for high school. Gee, we are smart, aren't we? We have been going to school here at Lenox this year for fun. We want you to bring us two penny dolls and some candy, also a Bible. Please, Santa, don't forget all other little children. PEGGY O'NEAL AND FAY DAY

Master Commissioner's Sale

MORGAN CIRCUIT COURT, KY.

H. C. Rose, Plaintiff

Vs. Notice of Sale, Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan circuit court, rendered at the November term, 1934, in the above styled cause, I will offer for sale at the front door of the courthouse in West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1936, at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts, upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to wit: A certain tract or parcel of land situated in the county of Morgan, state of Kentucky, on the waters of Licking river, and bounded and described as follows: to wit: Beginning at a large elm standing on the banks of Licking river, at the lower end of the farm known as the Martin Law farm, thence south 80 east 150 poles to three chestnut oaks on the top of a cliff; thence north 20 east 13 poles to a birch and a gum; north 20 west 30 poles to 20 links to two chestnut oaks on a ridge; north 43 west 40 poles to a poplar and two maples; north 92 west 92 poles to a pine on the top of a cliff; north 55 east 60 poles to three poplars and a birch; north 60 west 18 poles to two black oaks; north 44 west 68 poles to two hickories and a black oak; north 68 west 92 poles to two poplars and a hickory; south 13 west 12 poles to a pine; south 69 west to nine pines on a ridge; south 78 west 32 poles to a double chestnut and forked chestnut oak on a ridge; thence 45 west 32 poles to a pine; north 82 west 22 poles to a chestnut oak; thence including the Williams patent bounded by Rebecca Haulsey farm and H. C. Ellington; then by C. L. C. Company land; with that to the Licking river; thence up the river 20 poles up the river to C. L. C. Company's land; running with said C. L. C. Company's land to 39 west 100 poles to a beech and white oak to corner to Williams; thence north 76 west 20 to a hickory; south 16 west 29 poles to a beech standing near sand stone cliff, also a poplar, the beech marks "A. D. 1869"; thence south 69 west 32 poles to a sugar tree, also west 28 poles to a sugar tree and two dog woods; north 22 west 20 poles to two small maples on a cliff; thence north 59 west 72 poles to the bend of Licking river; with the meanders of the same to low water mark to the place of beginning; containing 500 acres more or less.

This judgment was rendered in favor of H. C. Rose for \$150.00, with 6 percent interest thereon from the 1st day of October, 1932.

Also W. M. Gardner, for \$100.00, with 6 percent interest thereon from the 16th day of December, 1932, until paid, and the cost of this action.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond, bearing 6 percent interest from date, with approved security, for the purchase money. This 7th day of December, 1936. HARLEN MURPHY, M.C.M.C.C. H. C. Rose, Attorney.

Master Commissioner's Sale

MORGAN CIRCUIT COURT, KY.

Federal Land Bank of Louisville, Ky., Plaintiff

Vs. Notice of Sale, Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan circuit court, rendered at the November term, 1936, in the above styled cause, I will offer for sale at the front door of the courthouse in West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1936, at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts, upon a credit of 6, 12, & 18 months, the following described property, to wit: The following described real estate with its rents, issues, and profits, situated in Morgan county, and state of Kentucky, more particularly described as follows:

Consisting of 222.39 acres, situated 2 miles southwest of Pomeroy, on the road two miles off Garrett highway, and on the waters of Little Blackwater; bounded on the east by the land of Henry Nickell, on the west by the land of Doris Bryant, on the north by the land of Will Lane, on the south by the land of Hamilton Oldfield.

This judgment was rendered in favor of Federal Land Bank of Louisville, for \$2,131.76, at the rate of 5 percent interest from date of judgment, November 17, 1936.

Also Hazel Green Bank \$2,400.00, at the rate of 6 percent interest from January 1st, 1930, until paid, and the cost of this action.

For a fuller and more complete description of the above described real estate reference can be had from pleadings, exhibits, and records in the case, or the Morgan county clerk's records.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond, bearing 6 percent interest from date, with approved security, for the purchase money. This 7th day of December, 1936. HARLEN MURPHY, M.C.M.C.C. W. M. Gardner, Attorney.

Master Commissioner's Sale

MORGAN CIRCUIT COURT, KY.

Federal Land Bank of Louisville, Ky., Plaintiff

Vs. Notice of Sale, Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan circuit court, rendered at the November term, 1936, in the above styled cause, I will offer for sale at the front door of the courthouse in West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1936, at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts, upon a credit of 6, 12, & 18 months, the following described property, to wit: The following described real estate, with its rents, issues, and profits, situated in Morgan county, and state of Kentucky, to wit, containing in all 29 acres, more or less, situated four miles south from West Liberty, on the waters of Caney creek, and on state highway, and more particularly described as follows:

Bounded on the east by the land of Robert Bass and S. H. Lykins, on the west by the land of Walter Cox, on the north by the land of Carl Whitaker, and on the south by the lands of Carl Whitaker and Clarence Haney.

This judgment was rendered in favor of the Federal Land Bank of Louisville, for \$2500.00 with interest at the rate of 5 percent from the 1st day of July, 1933, until paid.

Also the sum of \$34.07 with interest at the rate of 5 percent from the 16th day of June, 1936, until paid, and the cost of this action.

For a fuller and more complete description of the above described real estate, reference can be had from pleadings, exhibits and records in the case, or the Morgan county clerk's records.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond, bearing 6 percent interest from date, with approved security, for the purchase money. This 7th day of December, 1936. HARLEN MURPHY, M.C.M.C.C. W. M. Gardner, Attorney.

BESS ALLEN

DRESS SHOP

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
LATEST STYLES - ALWAYS
West Liberty, Ky.

The Courier goes to Grade A homes.

World's Youngest Mayor Guest

of LaGuardia and New York

Municipal budgets and such were discussed by the mayor of the world's largest city and world's youngest mayor when Mayor LaGuardia of New York played host to 17-year-old Mayor Daniel Kampman of Boys Town recently. Left to right above are LaGuardia, Kampman and Father Flanagan, founder and director of Boys Town.

THE world's youngest mayor

visited New York recently as official guest of the mayor of the world's largest city—and they talked about budgets!

Danny Kampman, Mayor of Boys Town, Neb., is only 17 and the youngest mayor of a real city in the world. As mayor of New York, Fiorello LaGuardia controls the largest municipal budget in the world.

After being looked in private conference in LaGuardia's office for some fifteen minutes, the mayor of New York admitted newspapermen and photographers.

"Mayor Kampman and I have exchanged credentials," LaGuardia said. "We've decided this job of being mayor isn't all it's cracked up to be!"

"You said it!" chimed in the youthful Kampman.

Going to New York to take part in a national radio broadcast, the Mayor of Boys Town and Father Flanagan, founder and director of the nationally famous home for homeless boys there were accorded all the courtesies and honors extended by the metropolis only to world celebrities. They were met at the train by Mayor LaGuardia's official motor cavalcade with smartly uniformed motorcycle officers flanking all sides. With screaming sirens clearing their way through the heavy New York traffic, they were whisked to the city hall for the big public reception.

While the two mayors posed for a battery of photographers, Father Flanagan stood in the

Master Commissioner's Sale

MORGAN CIRCUIT COURT, KY.

Morgan County National Bank, Plaintiff

Vs. Notice of Sale, Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Morgan circuit court, rendered at the August term, 1936, in the above styled cause, I will offer for sale at the front door of the courthouse in West Liberty, Kentucky, on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1936, at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabouts, upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to wit: A certain tract or parcel of land, situated, lying, and being on Caney creek in Morgan county, Kentucky, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at or near the branch in the line and fence between J. H. Stinson and J. F. Lykins; thence up the hill and a south direction and with said fence and line between said Stinson and Lykins to the top of the point, to a set stone at the fence; thence a west direction and with the fence up the point with said Stinson and Lykins line and fence to J. G. Stacy's line; thence with his line to an old line known as the Caudill line, and its being the line between Caudills and J. F. Lykins, on top of the ridge between Stacy fork and Caney creek; thence with said line and top of the ridge to J. P. Morris line; thence a north direction with said Morris line to the corner between Morris and J. F. Lykins, on top of the same point between Mulberry branch and H. H. Lykins branch; thence with center of the point to the corner of the old field fence; thence east direction to a set stone and marked timber; thence a straight line down left hand fork of drain to the main branch; thence with meanders of said branch to low end of mill lot; thence with foot of the hill to the main branch; thence with meanders of said branch to beginning, containing 100 acres more or less, but to contain all in the above described boundary.

This judgment was rendered in favor of Morgan County National Bank for the sum of \$150.78, with interest thereon at the rate of six percent per annum from date entry of this judgment until paid, and the cost of this action.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond, bearing 6 percent interest from date, with approved security, for the purchase money. This 7th day of December, 1936. HARLEN MURPHY, M.C.M.C.C. W. M. Gardner, Attorney.

The art class at the Ethel Mae Kecton luncheon served home of Mrs. D. F. Dec. 17. Present were: Lurline Burton, L. Ned Nickell, Max Elam, Telah Friedman, Gertrude Haney, Virginia Nickell, Billy Kecton, and Refreshments of and pea salad, olives, buttered were served. The were beautifully and green candles class enjoyed a s. verson.

Why do Bill Taulbee object so "Know It All" co. P.S. We are so one of our seniors to this list.

In last week's topic, "Raiders Sco" was supposed to be "Scared" Mr. Nick plainer after this, like this are very While on the sub we would like to that way about. Ethel Mae Kecton.

We always did were "kiddish" but to decorating room they win the prize. Mr. Carpenter—do pupils use money Guy Lacey—don't Mr. Carpenter—(Helen Owsley—Chick)—Is that you Chick—It'd better The latest thing mances: Helen Stae Young man to L ask you for this d cars are occupied."

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Samaritans V Samaritans are r ing from the earth who outnumber the enroll and take the ing a wife. Samaria city of Nablus with the Pentat eye books of Moses.

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(Under Auspices of Ova O. Haney, County Supt.)

WPA EDUCATIONAL WORK

GILLIAN HENRY, WPA Ed. Nurse

Dear sir:

Our average attendance is approximately 25 a day.

nts each. These lunches consisted in
a well balanced meal. The menu A
each meal was sent from Miss
helby, state emergency health nurse, bu

K. Stacy, Mr. and Mrs. Ova O. the
ney, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Murray, to
d Bernard E. Whitt. eal
The College Forum is sponsoring W.
Christmas tree Wednesday evening ti

NYA at Cannel City for the relief of children. The sheets were contributed to the relief office for the children in relief homes. In addition to the

NOVA MOTLEY, Principal.

ve the Courier for Christmas.

ADDRESS

since that date the sport has flourished in many sections of the country.

MYERS WALNUT CO.
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY

MYERS WALNUT CO.
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY

KEEP a jar of chopped Brazil nuts in a cool dry place on your pantry shelf. Mixed with sugar and spice they make an excellent topping for the busy day cake. The following nut topping no roasting is necessary. Mix one cup chopped Brazil nuts with one tablespoon granulated sugar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoon ground allspice and nutmeg mixed. Sprinkle over cake batter before baking. This amount is sufficient topping for cake baked in a nine-inch square pan.

Department and five and dime stores are featuring an amazing little bit of cracker especially designed to move the shell of the Brazil nut. Controlled pressure of the nut cracker handle guarantees removal of the toughest Brazil nut shell without breaking or impairing the nut meat.

meal,

Current Events

IN REVIEW

by Edward W. Pickard

© Western Newspaper Union

Kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek
May Bring on Warfare

WAR clouds again gathered over the Far East when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, dictator of China, was kidnaped at Sianfu, Shensi province, by troops commanded by Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, former war lord of Manchuria. The military leaders demanded immediate declaration of war against Japan, a pledge from the Nanking government to recover all lost territory, including Manchuria, and reorganization of the Chinese Nationalist party, the Kuomintang, so that Chinese communists might be admitted to membership.



Gen. Chiang Kai-shek

Japan professed to believe that Chang's action was prompted by Russia, and officials in Tokyo said that Japan might be necessary. The naval command directed its China squadrons to be on guard lest a Chinese civil war result.

Maj. Gen. Kita, Japanese military attaché at Shanghai, declared that Marshal Chang's troops had taken a frank stand for communism, which compels Japan "to make a firm and determined stand from the viewpoint of Japan's national defense."

The Soviet news agency Tass in Moscow issued an official denial of reports that Russia had conspired in the Chinese crisis, but diplomats in the Far East were of opinion that Moscow would intervene if war should break out between China and Japan. Japanese action would be based on the reported setting up of an independent government at Sianfu by Marshal Chang with the support of Soviet Russia.

There were reports that Chiang Kai-shek had been killed by his captors, but Marshal Chang telegraphed Acting Premier Kung: "I have cherished an affectionate regard for the generalissimo for eight years. I assume full responsibility for his safety."

Peace Proposal Is Signed by American Republics

REPRESENTATIVES of the 21 American republics gathered in the conference at Buenos Aires signed two measures designed to maintain peace, security and non-intervention in the Western world. These projects are:

A plan for maintenance of peace and security which provides for consultation in the event of war within the American continents or war abroad which menaces American peace.

A reiteration of the resolution of the 1933 Pan-American conference, for nonintervention by one nation in another's affairs. This carried also a Mexican amendment for consultation if intervention appears necessary.

Proposed Law to Mobilize Industry in War Time

WITH the approval of Secretary of War Woodring and Secretary of the Navy Swanson a bill has been drafted for the mobilization of industry in war time. It would confer upon the President power to draft industrial management, commandeer manufacturing plants, fix prices, ration the distribution of commodities, and regulate or close exchanges.

This plan is a revision of the program for industrial mobilization submitted by the War department to the war policy commission in 1931. It does not take into consideration the tax bill to "take the profits out of war" which was put through the house last session, but it is recommended by the War and Navy departments that tax provisions be not so drastic as to "hinder, hamper or destroy the more important mission of producing munitions as required in war."

Fair Competition Act Is Asked by Berry's Council

SOMETHING very like the old NIRA is the plan for control over the management of business favored by the council for industrial progress sponsored by Industrial Coordinator George L. Berry. The council, not very well attended by employer representatives, approved the report of a committee asking enactment of a general "fair competition act" prohibiting business from operation if it did not follow government edicts regarding price, advertising, wage, and hour standards or other conditions laid down.

A new administrative body would be empowered to investigate and prosecute violations of the act. This same agency would set up minimum wages, maximum hours and fair trade practices for any industry or trade.

The hearing of complaints would be before a sort of industrial supreme court vested with equity

powers, including the power of issuing permanent and temporary injunctions.

American Millionaires in 1934 Numbered Only 33

ACCORDING to an income tax analysis given out by the bureau of internal revenue, thirty-three Americans received incomes in excess of one million dollars during 1934, or a decrease of seventeen millionaires from the year before.

This group of 33 millionaires enjoyed an income of \$37,775,000, but they were forced to pour \$32,211,000 into the coffers of the United States treasury. They paid a tax of 50 per cent on their surplus net income.

One lone individual in the United States had an income of more than 5 million dollars for 1934. The internal revenue tables showed that this person is a resident of New York, but the identity is hidden, for no names are named in this report.

President's Son Probably Will Be His Secretary

IT IS believed that James Roosevelt, oldest son of the President, who has been with him on the South American tour, will serve as one of his father's secretaries and his general aid, without salary and maybe without title.

The President is said to feel he must have at his side some one who knows him intimately and who can perform many of the confidential little errands which were performed by Mr. Howe and Gus Generich, both now dead.

Plan to End Electoral College System

MEMBERS of the electoral college met in the capitals of their respective states and went through the empty formality of casting their votes for Presidential candidates — 533 for Franklin D. Roosevelt and 8 for Al M. Landon. About the same time it was announced in Washington that a move to abolish the antiquated electoral college system had been started and would leave the approval of many members of both houses of congress.

Leaders of this plan are Senator George W. Norris, Independent, of Nebraska, and Representative Clarence Lea, Democrat, of California, both of whom have previously advocated a constitutional amendment making the change, substituting a system whereby state electoral votes would be divided among presidential candidates on the basis of their relative popular vote strength in the state.

Under the present system President Roosevelt, polling approximately 27,750,000 votes, received 523 electoral votes. Governor Landon, polling approximately 16,650,000 votes received 8 votes. Each Roosevelt electoral vote represents the desires of 53,000 voters. Each Landon vote represents the wishes of 2,035,000 voters.

Under the proposed amendment the electoral votes in the last election would have been divided: Roosevelt, 322; Landon, 194; others, 15.

"Even disregarding the last election, in the average election of the last sixty years over 45 per cent of the voters of the country, being all those who voted for minority candidates in all the states, have been disregarded in computing the final results," said Representative Lea. "Not only are the minority votes disregarded but the electoral votes represented by them are cast for their opponents."

Britain Defaults Again but Hints at Parley

GREAT BRITAIN again defaults on its war debt to the United States, but intimates it would like to re-open negotiations for reduction of the debt. This time the British government does not state it has found no reason to warrant a resumption of payments. All the other debtor nations also defaulted except Finland, which as usual proudly paid the installment due.

Mediation in Spanish War Is Proposed

FRANCE and Great Britain, invited in an invitation to Germany, Italy, Russia and Portugal to join them in an effort to end the Spanish war by mediation.

The announcement of the plan came on the eve of the meeting of the League of Nations council, summoned to Geneva to consider the Madrid-Valencia government's appeal against Germany and Italy because of their recognition of the Fascist rebel junta. It is the hope of France and Britain that the Spanish people will be permitted to decide by ballot whether they shall have a Fascist or a Socialist government.

Labor Leaders Demand Action

Ready to Descend on Congress With Program; Supreme Court an Issue

By EARL GODWIN

WASHINGTON. — Organized labor, which played so heavy a hand in the recent elections, can be counted on to sit in the legislative and administrative game in the coming administration. Anyone with half an eye can see that not only are labor leaders waiting in the lobbies of congress with a program in their hands—but that everywhere in the United States where a labor union organizer can plant his feet there are going to be attempts to organize unions and demand a higher and higher scale of wages.

Labor has been sore over the Supreme court decision knocking out NRA and its guarantees of short hours and a standard of wages acceptable at the moment is to hobble the Supreme court. That's why labor leaders are watching the Supreme court with an inquiring eye to see whether they can observe any indication as to what the court will do to the Wagner labor law which, for the first time, gives a federal guarantee to labor's rights to organize.

Right now the closest observation in Washington is being done by labor, farm organizations have apparently gone to sleep for awhile—and if they are not awake to the full realization of what is going on, there will be a one-sided aspect to the administration's program respecting the joint rights of farmers and workmen.

It should say that labor's desire at the moment is to hobble the Supreme court so that the "nine old gentlemen in kimonos," as the late Will Rogers called them, can't veto the acts of congress without giving congress one more chance at least. When the court declared much of the New Deal legislation unconstitutional labor was up in arms and there was, as we all remember, much talk about an amendment to the Constitution giving the federal government power over these social and economic matters. You will recall, too, that the proposed amendment met with little or no response at all from the President. It was never a part of the campaign on the Democratic side, although the opposition discussed the dangers of constitutional changes.

It now appears that long-headed labor union leaders are convinced it is impossible to write such an amendment covering everything necessary to a centralized federal control of agriculture, labor matters, and everything else advanced thinkers might want to hand over to the federal government. Instead of such an amendment to the Constitution, New Dealers here are thinking seriously of going back to proposals made in the pre-constitution days, made by no less a thinker than Hamilton. It would give congress power to over-ride the Supreme court just as it over-rides presidential veto by a two-thirds vote.

If the Supreme court were thus hobbled, congress could enact a measure over a veto, by the two-thirds vote as at present; and if the court then tried to block the law, congress could jump the court by a vote of three quarters of its members. And, if the act had become a law without the President vetoing it, and the court should declare it unconstitutional, the present thought is to over-ride the court with a two-thirds vote. In other words: one veto by either President or court could be overcome by a two-thirds vote in congress. Vetoed by both President and court could be overcome by a three-fourths vote in congress.

RADICALS AT WORK

Labor seems to be pulling and hauling, champing at the bit, "raring to go." Strikes are spreading; some of them have been termed illegal strikes under terms of agreements between employers and unions. There is every evidence that radical agitators are at work with some of the minor labor leaders—and that they intend quite soon to try to foment as general a strike as possible for an unprecedented standard of wages. Families in industrial cities are pictured as requiring somewhere around \$3,600 a year for support at the proper American standard of living. The labor leaders are pointing to the unprecedented year-end distribution of nine hundred million dollars in extra dividends by industrial corporations: "If industry can do that—it can pay us more!" is the attitude of labor as reported here. There are plenty of administrative officials here, too, who believe there are too many workmen being paid at bare subsistence levels—and that prices are rising while all rates of pay are not increasing. It is this group which recommends constitutional amendments that would enable a central authority to limit hours and raise wages by law. Labor leaders here believe that following the death of NRA labor hours increased, and that the present net result of recovery has been

to give many workers longer hours. Resumption of a longer work week since the invalidation of NRA, the labor heads claim, has prevented the re-employment of at least 500,000 industrial workers.

To the consuming public these things spell increased prices, as well as a greater mass purchasing power on the part of city-dwelling industrial workers. Hand in hand with this goes the recent Supreme court opinion upholding two state laws permitting manufacturers to set the retail price on their products. The Supreme court now says: "If you manufacture shaving soap and mark it 'Retail price 25 cents' no druggist or department store may make a big drive to sell it for 19 cents—or any price other than a quarter."

Small merchants complained bitterly that big stores sold standard articles below cost as a bait to bring customers into the store. It hurt the little fellow and made no money on the article for the big fellow. It was termed an unsocial, unfair and unsound practice. NRA forbade it and thousands are satisfied; a few score were dissatisfied. Now, the Supreme court which killed the NRA comes along and upholds state laws with the NRA fair practice standards. What the stores will do, I presume, is to promote the sale of many an article of the "just as good" class.

A BIG MOUTHFUL

The interstate commerce commission, watchdog of the railroad business, bit off more than it could chew when it asked for and received jurisdiction over trucks which operate between one state and another. This control was granted by law under the little known motor carriers' act. Railroads complained about the so-called "wildcat competition" afforded by trucks who used the public highways and were thus able to extend rates that captured the freight business; so congress generously told the I. C. C. to take control. Now what happens?

The interstate commerce commission administered 98 per cent of the railroad business of the country by dealing with 140 of the larger railroad companies, the remaining 2 per cent of the business being divided among 500 smaller railroads. The commission had several hundred employees to handle questions which arise and to keep the records; but when they took over the trucks they found they had at least a hundred thousand trucking companies to deal with. Many so-called "companies" are merely one man with a truck, but under the law, one truck doing business between two states, has the same standing as a company with the I. C. C. as the Northern Pacific Railroad. By that same token that same truck driver has to be just as meticulous with respect to its reports to the I. C. C. as the Northern Pacific or any other road. Neither the trucks, the I. C. C., nor the most of the lawyers of the country quite understood what was happening when congress placed the trucking business in the I. C. C.'s lap.

Every trucker doing interstate business must have a permit. Those who were in business before the new current law passed could continue trucking for four months, but then had to secure a permit and justify its existence. New ventures must come to the I. C. C. and prove the trucking business they propose to do is a necessary aid to the transportation business of the community.

Each truck company must submit its rates on paper. The other day I went down to the I. C. C. to find out something about rates, and the man in charge of truck rates nearly fainted when I asked to see the papers. When he recovered he showed me a room about the size of a large city moving picture theater. There, stacked from floor to ceiling, with narrow pathways between the piles, were the letters and papers which had been submitted on rates by the various truck drivers of the entire forty-eight states in the Union. It will be months before they can even classify those tons and tons of rate sheets.

KNOTTY PROBLEM

There has been a great to-do from time to time about changing the Constitution. Now comes a knotty problem in Washington as to whether the Constitution will finally rest. The sacred old document now is placed in the Library of Congress, along with the Declaration of Independence where they attract literally millions of visitors annually. But there has just been completed a wonderful shrine known as the Hall of Archives, in which the government's records are to be kept—and the architect and all government officials (except one or two) opined that naturally the Declaration and the Constitution would be archives numbers one and two respectively. Therefore the Archives hall has for its central shrine a domed chamber as great as St. Peter's cathedral, specially designed and lighted to retain these two great documents.

But the Library of Congress, now containing these papers, is the ward of congress, which may not want to let the Constitution get away from it. Many a time the congress has forgotten all about the contents of the Constitution until rapped over the knuckles by the Supreme court; but as to the personal care of the old document, along with the Declaration—congress is likely to want to know whether or not the public wants the change to be made. In fact the government as a whole seems to be waiting for public sentiment to crystallize on the matter.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for December 27

THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTHERN EUROPE

LESSON TEXT—Hebrews 2:1-4; 11:32-12:2.

GOLDEN TEXT—The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. Revelation 11:15.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Christmas Round the World.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Into All the World.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why the Gospel Spread So Rapidly.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Spread of the Gospel in Southern Europe.

History has marveled at the spread of the Christian faith in a wicked and hostile world. Dark were the days on the earth when the handful of believers in Jesus Christ set out to preach the gospel. Why did the Christian faith spread so rapidly and build so soundly the future? The answer is found in our lesson for today. It is threefold. They declared:

I. A Great Salvation (2:1-4).

The preaching of the apostles set an example of sound teaching. They knew that no "programs" or "drives" would suffice to meet the need of the world steeped in sin and superstition. They preached a great salvation, a real gospel, and God set his seal of approval upon their work.

The presentation of God's Word and his gospel in the power of the Holy Spirit is still the way of victorious usefulness for any believer and any church.

Turning now to the great faith chapter of Hebrews, we see the second reason for the spread of Christianity. Bible preaching brought forth Bible believers—men and women who obtained "a good report through faith."

II. A Victorious Faith (11:32-40).

Right presentation and proper apprehension of God's Word produces noble and sacrificial living. The world is "not worthy" of its heroes of faith. In fact, it not only fails to recognize them and their mighty deeds but mocks, scurges, tortures, and saws them asunder. But they are written down in God's book of remembrance. He rightly evaluates their faith and their nobility of character.

We need to learn of God how to regard our fellow men lest we follow the crowd in giving praise to those who merit it not, and fail to recognize the unsung heroes of faith in our own communities and churches who are the very salt of the earth.

The final section of our lesson follows the first two in perfect sequence of thought. We have noted the apostolic message concerning God's great salvation. We have seen that the gospel is indeed the power of God which not only saves but which produces heroic living. Now we turn to our obligation to continue that glorious succession of these who live by faith.

III. A Race to Run (12:1-2).

The picture in the writer's mind is the great Olympic arena. All around are the spectators. A race is to be run. What a striking picture of Christian life. For it, too, is a race. It has a prize, both here and in the hereafter. It calls for intense activity. It brings us before those who either jeer at us or cheer us on our way.

Many are the things which may hinder a runner. One thing he cannot do is carry weights. These may not be sinful things but those which may be a hindrance to spiritual progress. Let us put them away! And then there is sin—that treacherous enemy that so subtly "beats us" and entangles us. By God's grace let us cast it aside.

Greater than all the hindrances is the One in whose name we run and to whom we look for victory. Looking past the difficulties, the spectators, and even the course itself, we see him who is "the author and perfecter of our faith." The secret of victory is to

Turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in His wonderful face.

Firm Foundation

If there be a man on earth to be envied it is he who, amidst the sharpest assaults from his own passions, from fortune, from society, never falters in his allegiance to God and the inward monitor.

Pride and Ingratitude

Pride is of such intimate connection with ingratitude that the actions of ingratitude seem directly resolvable into pride as the principal reason of man's—South.

Truth in Little Things

I have seldom seen anyone who deserted Truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance.—William Paley.

Life's Lesson

Take what is; trust what may be; That's life's true lesson. — R. Browning.

Standing Erect

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

Prize-winning Recipes of the South



ORANGE PECAN WAFFLES

Mrs. W. D. Cook, Atlanta, Ga.

Sift together 1½ cups flour, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, and 4 tps. baking powder. Combine 4 tps. baked Jewel Special-Blend Shortening, 3 eggs slightly beaten, 1 cup milk and 1 tsp. orange marmalade. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir until smooth. Last add ½ cup pecans, finely chopped. Put mixture, about 3 tps. at a time, on a hot waffle iron and cook until done. Serve with Orange Fluff.

Orange Fluff.—Beat ½ pint of cream till firm, then stir in 1 tps. of sugar and 1 of orange marmalade.—Adv

SOOTHING TO TIRED EYES

Modern living puts such a strain on the eyes that more and more people are finding Murine as necessary as a dentifrice in their morning and evening toilet routine. Murine gently and pleasantly relieves irritation, washes away the invisible dust, gives amazing comfort, and the eyes are watery and inflamed by a cold. Murine is a physician's formula containing 7 ingredients of proven value in proper care of the eyes. In use for 40 years. Today—get Murine at your drug store.

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MADE STRONGER • LAST LONGER

Coleman SILK-LITE MANTLES, made especially for use on pressure mantle lamps and lanterns, give you more light and better light. Their triple lock weave makes them stronger—they last longer. Cost less to use. They are made from high quality rayon fibre, specially treated with light-producing chemicals; correct in size, shape and weave to provide more and better light. Withstand severe shocks.

ASK YOUR DEALER for genuine Coleman SILK-Lite Mantles. If he cannot supply, write for FREE Folder, THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., Dept. W-17, Wichita, Kansas; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (617)

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DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pain, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

"Quotations"

I have always felt that religion was something to be lived, not discussed. — Mary Pickford.

It is so much easier to be enthusiastic than to reason.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

No one can doubt that China is one day destined to be among the most powerful nations. — Pearl S. Buck.

I think women are giving up men's ideas about life and stepping back to the home.—Queen Marie of Rumania.

Youth will be served. Middle-age should be.—Fannie Hurst.

The people who make war never have trouble getting the money to do it with.—Gen. Smedley B. Butler.

Time for Christmas Dollies



Christmas Eve in the Market Place

By Louise Abney in Christian Advocate

THE market place on Christmas Eve... Things and things for sale... Tinsel bangles, gilded toys Along the Christmas trail!

Justing crowds of shoppers; Trees of fragrant pine And Douglas fir and silver spruce; A never-ending line Of eager, noisy vendors Crying out their wares: "Whoever buys on Christmas Eve The Christmas blessing shares."

Southern smilax, holly wreaths, Sprigs of mistletoe... Everywhere the falling flakes Of starry Christmas snow; Throngs of hurried shoppers, Children's eyes aflutter, Reminiscent of a Light That shone—long ago.

Vendors in the market place Bid you come and buy... There was once a Gift that came, Priceless, from the sky!

A Manly Christmas Husband

By Gertrude H. Walton

"A BORESOME holiday! If only I had invited Fred to come here with me," Manly jerked his hat from a rack when Julia, his sister, rushed into the hall.

"Manly, please come with me to-night to the dinner party at Judge Thompson's. Horace has just telephoned he can not get here until too late. Roads blocked with snow and cars because of the blizzard yesterday. Our first big spread in this burg. We're so new and this is our first opportunity to meet many prominent citizens of Palas City. Judge Thompson's dinners are annual affairs and he gives special invitations to newcomers of the city."

"I don't care much about the party. But so much in the papers about the Willis Graham's family who will be at the Judge's. Graham is the big shot who made millions from his washing machine patents. He's sort of a god in these parts. He has no son—but some daughters. Maybe, when I'm through college old Graham might remember a Manly boy, for an engineer or in his office." Manly, after assuring his sister, Mrs. Horace Linn, that he would accompany her, mused on his way down to the city.

Manly's parents had gone South for the winter and Julia had urged her brother to spend the holidays with them because she and Horace would be a bit lonely since recently settling in the thriving factory municipality of Palas City. At first Manly reasoned that Horace and Julia wouldn't enjoy his peddling around, since they were newlyweds, and thought to decline the

urgent invitation. But remembering the loneliness of a home, without parents, he found himself in his sister's comfortable home, for at least two weeks "en-dur-ation" as he thought.

In evening clothes Manly was nearest satisfied with himself as being "well groomed," than in any other attire. Somehow, the black dinner coat, light vest, brilliant studs in the spotless shirt front, illuminated the sparkle of his brown eyes and enhanced the manliness of his form. Upon arriving at the ancestral estate of Judge Thompson, Manly was bewildered when the Judge, with unusual ceremony, introduced them as "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Linn, new residents of Palas City!"

"Sh! They think you are my husband. Don't make them any wiser. Horace and I are strangers, you know, here," Julia motioned. Not knowing whether Julia had planned to pass her brother off as her husband, or whether it was a surprise to Julia, as well as to himself, Manly played "husbandly faithful" beside Julia. But

seemed that every place Manly stood or sat, Patricia, one of the Graham daughters, was near, kindly gracious, but aloof. When he asked her to dance she quickly assented, as though she feared he might never ask for another dance. "She thinks I am married,"

Huh! A Manly Christmas husband, indeed! Dum it all! Why did Julia get me into this jam? She will have to un-jam me," he snorted to himself.

Julia seemed satisfied with the evening's pleasures. But Manly felt for the first time, that his sister was selfish. "Of course," he reasoned, "sister doesn't suspect that I wanted more dances with Patricia, and a chat on the mezzanine in one of those brilliantly Christmas decorated booths up there. If Julia suspected such a thing, she is clever at hiding it."

The next morning's mail brought Manly an invitation to a party at Willis Graham's for the Graham daughters!

"How do they know my name is not Horace Linn and that I am not the husband of my sister?" Manly asked, almost provoked at the smile on the face of his sister who was at that moment darning her brother's hose.

"Of course, you'll go. A secret! No, not a secret any longer because the secret has been long enough," she teased. "I whispered to Patricia, at the party, that you were my brother and to introduce you to others of the younger groups, and to Mr. Graham. She, however, promised secrecy to all but Mr. Graham. Since she did not introduce you to others, not even to her father, I believe she enjoyed the brother-husband affair and planned a party to reveal the secret to her father and guests. No, her interest in you began before I told her you were not my husband. She was raving about my husband's eyes, and hair, and form, and clothes and—"

"Huh, jealousy, more than kindness for your brother prompted you to tell the truth," Manly teased.

"You made a Manly Christmas husband, anyway. I'm sure Patricia would agree with me," Julia answered.

After the party at Patricia's, the Christmas holiday failed to be bothersome. For with Patricia's pep, and promises, Manly looked forward to the days after college, of becoming a Manly husband, in truth.

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The Christmas Quilt

by Blanche Tanner Dillin

THE snow was beautiful but made one feel somewhat lonely, Nancy Atwell thought as she stood at the window watching the falling snow. For an instant she regretted refusing the urgent invitations of her two brothers and two sisters to spend the holidays with them. Each of them had been insistent, but were all so far away it was out of the question, financially, and she didn't want them to furnish the money—and then for years she had spent Christmas here in the Connecticut hills with grandmother and she couldn't imagine it seeming like Christmas any place else.

Peggy North, her old and dear friend, had written that she could not get away for the holidays, so hoped that Nancy could be with her.

Nancy had done little toward any sort of festivities and had left putting up the decorations until the last minute. In fact she hadn't bought anything new—the old ones would do well enough. Perhaps she might just as well run up to the attic now and see what there was. It might seem more like Christmas with some decorations around.

As she opened a drawer in an old chest her hand touched grandmother's old quilt—"Grandmother's happiness quilt," as she always called it. It was just such a day as this so long ago, when sitting at grandmother's feet down in the "setting" room she had heard the history of the pieces in the quilt. There was no place here in the attic to look at it, so together with wreaths and garlands of



She Had Heard the History of the Pieces.

unsel she carried the quilt down to the room where she had heard its history for the first time, and spread it out on the bed.

Here was a piece from the dress grandmother had worn when grandfather proposed. Here was the piece of grandmother's wedding dress—others from Christening robes, party dresses, wedding dresses and dresses worn on other happy occasions—some almost in shreds, but still enough left to recall the stories to Nancy as Grandmother Atwell had told them. How grandmother had loved telling them and how she had laughed at some memory. Nancy had commented on what a happy life grandmother had had. No one ever had a happier one, grandmother assured her. How cheerful, unselfish, grandmother had been, never dwelling on her own troubles, but ready to help others in theirs.

Nancy recalled the times grandmother had been the means of making the path a little smoother, the pain less keen, by the gift of something Nancy especially wanted or the fulfilling of some cherished plan of Nancy's. And when Nancy was left alone in the old home and grandmother sent for her she must have guessed just how much Nancy wanted the rest and quiet the hills would give her. Nancy never forgot the smile and embrace with which grandmother greeted her — no rehearsing of painful experiences, but plans immediately made for happy days in the future. Nancy's loss had been grandmother's as well, but grandmother had never let others know the shadows that crossed her path.

What a satisfaction it must be to be able to help others as grandmother had. Then Nancy saw how she could do the same, in a measure at least. First she could give Anna a vacation over the holidays. Next she would wire Peggy she would be with her over Christmas. As she laid the quilt away after carrying out her plans deep gratitude filled her heart for if she hadn't found the quilt she would never have known the happiness she now felt.

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CHRISTMAS TIME

I HAVE always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin—if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. —Charles Dickens.

© Western Newspaper Union.

After His Visit



CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PINES

By Jocile Webb Pearson

BIG BILL, in spite of his six foot four was a boy at heart. Boss of a logging crew he could be plenty "ern" when occasion demanded, but a Christmas tree and all the lights and cheer that goes with it was his weakness. "Christmas is no fun without kids," was the way he put it. But, it looked like Bill was doomed to disappointment this year.



"Christmas No Fun Without Kids," the Way He Put It.

a Christmas just like home right here? Plenty trees, if we can muster the trimmings."

Bob, the kid dishwasher, was all enthusiasm. "We've got popcorn. I've strung yards at home for mom. Sam's got a harmonica, and Dave a Jew's harp, an' some of you fellows can sing. And I'll trim the tree."

"The Boss wouldn't think much of a Christmas without kids," put in Dave. "There's the Martins. They got a couple kids; we can ring them in. I was by there 't'other day an' heard them talkin' about Santa comin'."

"Boss said Martin looks sort of beat out, too," said another. "Suppose we appoint Bob, here as a committee of one to extend our invitation for them to join us. I feel we owe them something, the way they helped us when some of the men had flu."

Big Bill was jubilant with their plans. "You fellows took the wind out of my sails, but you'll do a better job than I could."

"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," lead by Sam's harmonica, floated out from lusty throats upon another star-strewn night.

Big Bill in a scrambled suit of red flannel and a hemp beard was a satisfactory Santa Claus to at least two happy children. He handed out gifts to everyone. Sam had done his best on the feast that followed, and everybody joined in the "three cheers and a tiger" for a jolly Christmas among the Oregon pines.

© Western Newspaper Union.

A House Built Christmas Day

... by ... Frances Grinstead

A HOME that was built on a Christmas day stood for a long time on the old Santa Fe trail where it passed near Arrow Rock, Mo., on the Missouri river. Though not quite completed in a single day, with the help of his neighbors on that "holiday" about a hundred years ago, Henry Nave got his cabin ready for his family and the day after Christmas took them into his shelter.

Of course the house was built of undressed lumber, felled right on his farm. When he had selected the location this pioneer cut down round poles for the walls, rafters and joists—the framework. Mr. Nave had found some large, flat stones, and in the afternoon they dragged these into place for the hearth. Then of other suitable rocks, by much puffing and pulling they built a fireplace—one of those great practical ones which served to heat the home and to cook venison, buffalo meat, corn pone and other "victuals." The exterior of this fireplace was wood, the stones providing a fireproof lining.

The mortar to bind the stones was chiefly mud; to obtain even this simple ingredient it was necessary to build a fire in the middle



While the Little Nave Children Wished for Things.

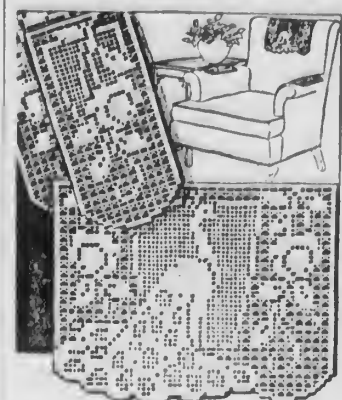
of the half-constructed cabin and thaw the ground.

But, writes this hardy woodsman, "It was not many days until we were living snugly in our cabin and in good health and with fine appetites."

Holidays among our ancestors were made occasions for such celebrations as this, but they never witnessed the cessation from labor ours afford. There was always need for immediate shelter, crop harvesting, or game killing. Hence log-raising, corn-huskings, and gun-shoots were made social occasions. But do you suppose we ever have more fun than Henry Nave's family and friends had building a house on Christmas day?

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It's Easy to Crochet This Set of Lace Filet



Pattern 5520

A lot of people bring the gorgeous lace filet pattern—and presto—your table is covered with dainty lace. The filet is a scarf ends, or table cloth. It is a very need-cloth, too. It is a very of the design. Even beginners will find the pattern an easy way to add to their prestige as needlewomen. In pattern 5520 you will find instructions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Household Questions

Wilted and shabby black silk ribbons can be restored by sponging with vinegar and ironing on wrong side.

Place bacon, fried fish or fried potatoes on brown paper before placing on the serving platter to avoid that greasy appearance. The paper will soak up the grease.

Place mirrors in a position where the sun will not shine on them. Heat causes the quicksilver on the back of a mirror to crumble.

Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

Don't Let His Cold be Worse TONIGHT



At night, Sonny is tired out; resistance is lowered; circulation slows up; congestion seems worse. Rub his chest with Penetro at bedtime. It's made with mutton suet and concentrated medication. (113% to 227% more medication than any other nationally sold cold salve.) Penetro warms his chest, opens pores, creates counter-irritation to help Nature increase blood flow and relieve congestion. Its aromatic vapors help open up stuffy nasal passages.

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Relieve watery head colds with Penetro Nose Drops. Two drops in each nostril, then B-R-E-A-T-H-E. 25c, 50c and \$1 bottles. Trial size 10c. At all druggists.

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